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## TALES.

### THE DEAF PEDDLER.

BY CATHERINE W. BARBER.

Be sure he lo'es me weel mither  
An' feyther too, I trow—  
Then do not bid him gang, nither,  
An' prayers will ever flow ;  
For he's ay sne kind an' winsome  
An' brave I'm sure wad be,  
As ony lad on Scotin's heather  
Or e'en in Christendee.

SCOTCH SONG BY M'MACKIN.

It was a warm afternoon in August. Farmer Davis' wife was just taking the last stitches in the tuck of her calico gown—the gown which her husband had bought for her only a few weeks before, when he went up to town with the butter and cheese which she and her daughter Ellen had been so busy about all summer. Ellen sat close by her, busy at her's, for she too had one. Farmer Davis brought them both home at the same time, not as pay for his wife's and daughter's service—no, not by any means, for they never thought of asking pay, but because he thought it would be a pleasant surprise to them, and moreover the merchant showed him some very pretty calico, quite the prettiest he declared that he had ever laid his eyes on.—There was a piece of dark-colored, with a brown ground, and wide green stripes with little green trees all figured between, which he instantly decided would be just the thing for "mamma," as he of late years called his wife, and then there was a piece of pink and white sprigged off beautifully, which looked as if it was made on purpose for Ellen. It was just the color of her cheeks, so fresh and rosy-like ; so the good, kind-hearted old man laid down his whip, and told the merchant, Mr. Yardstick, that he might, he guessed, measure off fourteen yards—seven yards off each piece.

Mr. Yardstick was very happy to obey all of Farmer Davis' orders, for he was one of his moneyed customers, although one would hardly have taken him to have been very forchanded, (that means rich when it is used in the country, gentle reader,) as he stood there with his thick boots and long cart whip, looking at the little matters which lay on Mr. Yardstick's counter, and thinking that it took a heap of finery to do the woman folks up there in town. Mr. Yardstick rolled up the calico in brown paper, and then, with a very obsequious bow, inquired if there was "anything else"—that phrase which a polite merchant is always sure to use.

Farmer Davis replied that he guessed not, and then drove directly home. When he showed his treasures to his wife and daughter, you should have seen how pleased they looked. Mrs. Davis was sure that Mr. Davis was the most thoughtful of men, and had an excellent taste too for picking out calico, while Ellen fairly danced for joy. The next week they had them cut out, and they worked along on them afternoons, as they had time.—There was always plenty of house-work to do in the morning, and Mrs. Davis was sure to let none of it go undone. She was a thorough housewife, and kept the house as neat as a pin. They lived in a little farm-house, with a porch running along the south side, next to the road, and Farmer Davis declared that there was no end to the morning-glories, bachelor-buttons, marigolds and such things which Ellen had planted about the stoop.—And moreover he thought they really did look pretty, afternoons when he came in from work, and sat down there to read his newspaper, but he never said so. He was afraid that it would encourage Ellen to spend more time than she ought about such foolish things—she certainly spent time enough there already, weeding, and watching and tying up, and he didn't know what not. He had declared that he had rather see a stalk of rye growing, any day, than the prettiest posy in the world, and he did not know what could possess women folks—girls especially, to be always fussing about something that was not worth a fiddle-stick. Ellen never had argued the matter with him, but smiled good-naturedly, and kept on in the "good old way," until at last she had completed all her floral plans, and dressed up the old porch to suit her fancy. She was just seventeen, and as pretty a girl as one will often see.

But, as I was telling you, Mrs. Davis was taking the last stitch in her new dress, when she looked up with a puzzled face, and exclaimed :

"I declare, Ellen, I cannot finish this to-night now, for I do not believe there is a hook and eye in the house. I do wish your father had thought far enough to have asked the merchant to have thrown in a box with the calico. I dare say he would, for he is very liberal about such things.—When I go there to trade, I always ask him to throw in the thread and hooks and eyes, and he most always does. I declare, was there ever anything so unlucky ! I wanted this dress to wear to Mrs. Nichol's quilting to-morrow afternoon, but I cannot wear it without catches—that is out of the question. This pinning dresses at the back tears them out, and looks very slatternish besides. I

wouldn't use a new dress so for nothing, especially one that your father got for me. I do wish we lived a little nearer to a store. I am almost always wanting some little thing, and it would be so handy to pick up a few paper rags or a dozen or two of eggs now and then and run in and get them, without troubling the men folks about it ; but that is a privilege, Ellen, I never expect to enjoy."

"Perhaps there may come a peddler along before to-morrow, mother," suggested Ellen.

"Well, I really wish there would," continued Mrs. Davis. "I wish there would, and I don't see why they don't come along oftener now-a-days. Last spring, it was nothing but bob in and out all the day long. I have known as many as five call at the door in the course of twelve hours—but now they are as scarce as snow-flakes in June. I do wonder what the reason is ?"

"May be they stay at home during the hot season, and do something else—help make hay, perhaps," said Ellen.

"I don't believe that, Ellen ; they are a great deal too lazy to work. I like to have them call now and then, for it is handy getting things of them—but I won't believe many of them are very respectable. It always provokes me to see a strong man—stouter than either your father or little Jemmy, strolling about the country with a couple of trunks or a basket of vials hung to his arms. It looks like little business—picking up a little here and a little there—telling lies, too most of them, as fast as they can speak. I should have a great deal better opinion of them, if they were buying farms and settling down on them, as your father and I did when we were young."

"Perhaps some of them are not so fortunate as father was in getting a good wife to settle down with," said Ellen, laughing, "and possibly some of them may not have money enough to buy farms, until they have made it by peddling."

"I dare say there isn't one among them all, deserving of a good wife," said Mrs. Davis, tartly.—"I would as soon see you married to a chimney-sweeper, as to one of them—much rather see you married to a good, respectable chimney-sweeper, though his face was all the time as black as the pot-hooks."

Ellen did not reply, but sat sewing, and thinking how a chimney-sweeper looked, for she had never seen one. Her mother, who had once been on a visit to New York, frequently said, that such a thing was "as black as a chimney-sweeper," and she had very sagely concluded that a chimney-sweeper was the blackest thing on earth—a negro,

she fancied, must look delicate beside one.

She was sure she didn't want the blackest man in the world for a husband, and then her thoughts reverted to a young man with beautiful black hair, black eyes, and a broad white forehead, whom she had seen at church a few Sabbaths before, and the idea came into her brain, that she had much rather marry him, than any peddler or chimney sweep in the world.

Just then old Ruler, a toothless, decrepit old dog, who was retained in the family because he was almost as old as Ellen, and they all loved him, began to growl and bark out in the porch, where he had been sleeping all day, in the warm sunshine, or busying himself snapping at the flies which buzzed around his head. He always took it upon himself to give the alarm when a stranger was seen approaching the house, and on the present occasion, he made all the fuss in his power.

"Be still, old Ruler," said Ellen, raising her eyes and glancing from where she sat, out into the porch, through the open door. "Keep quiet, you are enough to frighten one."

"Can I trade here any to-day, marm?" said a small squeaking voice upon the porch steps—"get out, you puppy! get out! marm please to call off your dog, I'm afraid he'll bite me, sartin if I try to come in."

Mrs. Davis stepped to the door, and after scolding Ruler sufficiently to his impertinence, invited and guided the gentleman in. He was a peddler, with a couple of small tin trunks strapped on to his back, and dangling by his sides. He carried in one hand a small ear trumpet, which he applied to his ear whenever he saw any one's lips moving as if talking to him. Ellen glanced up at him as he entered, and she thought to herself that she had never seen a more ludicrous figure.

The peddler was rather tall and well proportioned, but every thing that he wore, looked as if it had been pulled on him. He had a pair of grey pantaloons, and a blue spencer, but the former came down by no means near the tops of his shoes, and the sleeves of the latter, looked as if he had thrust his arms too far through them. He seemed conscious that the tailor had made a mistake while measuring him for his clothes, and to remedy the defect in his pantaloons, he had tried to see what effect strapping them down would do. A pair of dusty leather straps was buttoned on either sides and bro't round under his shoes, but they only served to straighten down the sides to their utmost extension, while the bottom bunched out behind and before much like the letter O. Whenever he set down, there seemed to be danger that the pulling constantly carried on between pantaloons and straps, would result in their unceremoniously parting company and Ellen immediately turned away her eyes, lest she might be made an unwilling witness of such a spectacle. He constantly kept pulling, first with one hand and then with the other, the bottom of his sleeves, as if fully convinced, that by a proper perseverance in such a course, he should eventually make them grow long enough, and Ellen mentally ejaculated that she hoped the thread was strong that was used in sewing them in. His face was nearly covered by an immense pair of black whiskers, worn in spite of the season, strangely scolloped in and out round his ears, and down upon his chin; on his head, or rather on his forehead, he wore a small light colored wool hat, perched on in

such a manner that the backside of his head was perfectly visible, while none of the upper part of his face could be seen.

While sitting down in the chair which Mrs. Davis placed for him, he took the precaution of informing them in the same squeaking voice that "he was mighty deaf—deaf as an adder, and couldn't hear a mite without his trumpet, and next to nothing with it."

After having become fairly seated, he commenced casting glances at the dog in the porch as if by no means certain that he was safe from Ruler's toothless jaws, though snugly seated in the house.

"Mortal 'fraid of a dog marm," he began, seeing, that Mrs. Davis was observing his glances—"mortal 'fraid of a dog. I'm deaf you see, and can't hear them when they come close up behind me, a barking, and biting—I wish every one of them was to the bottom of the ocean, where they wouldn't trouble nobody. Want to buy anything to-day, marm?"

The travelling merchant did not put his ear trumpet up to ascertain what answer was given to his question, but commenced unlocking his tin boxes and displaying his assortment. At the same time he began naming in a parrot-like manner, the articles he carried. I say "parrot-like manner," for it was apparent that his mind was more intent upon the movements of the dog, than upon the sale of his merchandize. He kept his spectacles turned constantly towards the door, and sat as if ready to spring out of an opposite window or door, at the least alarm in that direction.

"Pins, needles, snuff-boxes, thread, twist, silk handkerchiefs—there marm that dog's a coming—(Ruler snapped at a fly) muslins, cambrics scissors, brass-rings, breastpins—there again marm—thimbles, buttons, pencil, cards, boxes, inje-rubber, nutmegs, gimlets—he sartinly 'is coming this way."

Mrs. Davis spoke to the dog and the peddler continued on though still keeping his eyes in the same direction.

"Corks, cords, door fastenings, latches and locks, shaving soap, screws, shoe-pegs, lace-edging, insertings, shoe strings, pens, steel and silver pens, brass nails, shoe buckles, tea spoons and flannels. Don't you think he is dangerous marm?"

"Not the least dangerous in the world," said Mrs. Davis, anxious to quiet the deaf peddler's apprehensions. "He's a very old dog, and wouldn't injure you if he had a mind to. I don't think he has got a tooth in his head."

"Yes, yes, marm, I wish he was dead too. I don't know what folks want to keep dogs for, as you say—I always ~~was~~ dreadful afraid of 'em."

"I didn't say that I wished he was dead, sir, said Mrs. Davis biting her lips to restrain a smile.

"Have you any tape, sir. Oh, yes," she continued as she took a roll from one of the trunks and raising her voice to its loudest pitch, she asked, "how much is this tape a yard?"

"Did I get into a scrape out in the yard? No no, marm, I didn't, but I expected every minute when I should, the dog looked so fierce like. He must be a terrible piece, truly a very terrible piece! You see I'm deaf, marm, and mighty 'fraid of such things."

"Yes, yes, I see you are," said Mrs. Davis in an under tone, as if talking to herself, and then stepping to a small drawer in the bureau she took

three cents, the price she was in the habit of paying for tape, and laid them before him, motioning that she would take the tape at the same time.

"O, its tape that you want to-day, marm, is it?—yes, three cents, that is just what I ask for it—you are the woman to trade with deaf peddlers I see plainly. It is a terrible affliction! to be deaf, marm—a terrible affliction! It sorter runs in the blood of our family. My father was just so before me, and my great uncle too."

Mrs. Davis put on a sympathising look, and nodded her head as much as to say, "a great affliction truly—I am very sorry," and then fairly screaming in the end of his ear-trumpet, she asked if he had any hooks and eyes.

"Got the hooks in my eyes? No, no, thank God, my ears are terrible deaf, but nothing ails my eyes, only they are kind of weak and watery and that's why I wear spectacles, these green spectacles you see," and he pointed up to them, as if by no means certain that whoever saw him, saw his glasses also, covering, though they might, a large portion of his face.

Ellen could no longer restrain her merriment at the poor peddler's expense. She turned her face away, and laughed until the tears started in her eyes. Mrs. Davis looked around, as if half vexed at her daughter's want of civility, but remembering that he could hardly be made to hear the roaring of a cannon, though discharged at his elbow, she muttered.

"The man hasn't but two ideas in his head—one is, that the dog may bite him, and the other that he is deaf—but, poor creature, he is to be pitied. It must be a terrible affliction, as he says. I wonder that he doesn't get cheated most dreadfully, straying about as he must, among all sorts of people."

She then proceeded to toss about the things in his trunks, until she discovered some hooks and eyes and then she went again to her drawer and brought back the usual price. The peddler took it, expressing his opinion again, that she was the right sort of a woman to trade with a poor deaf peddler—a peddler whose father had been deaf, and his great uncle also.

Just then Mrs. Davis happened to come across a piece of checked cotton, tumbled up among the lace-edging, shoe-tacks, shaving-soap, and door-latches, all of which looked as if they had been thrown in without any regard to order—a strange, jumbled up load—and turning to Ellen she exclaimed in an animated voice:

"Look, Ellen, here is just such a checked apron as I have been wanting for a year."

"The poor peddler, whose thoughts were continually intent upon the movements of the dog and the malady in his ears, never seemed to hear anything but the last word of every sentence, or something that sounded like the last word, and he always framed his answers accordingly.

"Put a catnip poultice behind my ear!" he exclaimed, fancying that that was what Mrs. Davis was consulting Ellen about, "it will do no sort of good marm! nothing only stick my hair up, without helping my deafness at all—good old Dr. Pillsbury tried everything in the world when I was first taken. He blistered and plastered, gave pills, steamed and bled me, until I was as white a ghost—but it all did no good. I was as deaf as an adder when he began, and deaf, if any thing, when he got through. I am much obliged to you, marm,



very much obliged to you, but I don't think it would help at all."

Ellen screamed louder than ever at this last remark, and even Mrs. Davis, unwilling as she was to wound the unfortunate being's feelings, could not restrain a laugh, but she turned her head towards the window as if examining the cloth she had in her hand. When she went towards the trunks again, after resuming in some degree her gravity she was gratified to observe that apparently the subject of their merriment sat as unconscious of it as a wooden block. His hat, if possible, had been drawn down lower on his forehead, and his feet was thrown one over the other as if more at ease than the movements of the dog had permitted him to be before. She looked at the articles she had taken, and taxed her memory in order to ascertain if any other little necessary was wanting in the family. At last she remembered that she had promised to buy a brass tumbler for a little girl who had assisted her about her work one day while Ellen was absent, and she immediately began to search for one. But in vain—she could not find one, and she ventured another question to the deaf peddler, though without entertaining any hopes of getting a correct answer:

"Have you any brass tumblers for little girls?"

The peddler, whose thoughts had not yet relinquished the idea of a catnip poultice, surmised that she was still continuing that conversation and replied very quick:

"No, marm, I'm not afraid of sticking up my curls. I don't val'e looks much no how, but I don't hardly think it would be worth while to try it. There don't anything do my deafness any good. Old Dr. Pillsbury tried everything—everything in the round world, marm, and nothing helped me at all in the least."

The farmer's wife paid for the checked cotton and intimated that there was nothing else wanting in her family. The peddler understood the motion which she made that the trunk might be closed, and without suggesting new articles which might possible be wanted, as a peddlers usually do, he commenced locking up his goods and thanking the farmer's wife for the custom already extended to him.

"Thank you, marm; the very woman, marm, to trade with poor deaf peddlers; but thank God, I don't think I'm quite so bad off as my poor old father who lived before me, Tommy Gosling, of Goslinborough. Why, bless me, marm! he could no more have heard as I do, with such a trumpet as this 'ere, than nothin' in the world. It's pretty considerable well that I can hear generally, especially on such a day as this. Sometimes in the winter the wind gets to sorter roaring in the chimney, and kinder stuns me—but I am thankful that I am so much better off than my old father Tommy Gosling was, or my great uncle either. I don't know as they could have peddled at all—they were so hard o' hearing—and I was e'en almost afraid to try; but I think I hear much better than I ever expected to when I was with old Dr. Pillsbury: I think the old man helped me wonderfully. It is true, I grew deafer under his management, but that was nothing more than the nat'ral growing of the disorder. If it had not been for him, I might have kept on growing worse until I could have heard nothing at all, you know."

Mrs. Davis' face reddened with suppressed

laughter, and she bit her lips again, while trying to preserve something like outward gravity during the account of the pedlar's superiority to his father and great uncle. Mentally she wondered how deaf they were, but she bowed by way of acquiescence in the appeal made to her, viz: that it was possible for one to be so "hard o' hearing as to hear nothing at all," and her guest proceeded:

"Yes, it's pretty considerable well that I get along, seeing I'm deaf. I mean to sorter keep on a *sirket* among the hills here, where the farmers live costly, for I believe they are sorter people.—My name is Billy Gosling, and when the people get to knowing me, I think I shall do right well—don't you marm?"

Mrs. Davis again answered "with a bow, and "the poor deaf peddler" remarked that he must "be a going." But just as he was buckling on his trunks, he happened to catch another glimpse of Ruler, whom he had apparently forgotten.—Had the entrance been actually guarded by two fierce tigers, crouched down, one on either side of the door, with widely extended jaws, waiting for their prey, it would not have been more impossible to the man who was deaf; to go through was too much for him to undertake alone, and he turned an appealing look to the mistress of the mansion. She kindly rose, guarded him through the gate and then received his parting salutation with a bow, she returned to the house. Ellen had thrown down her work, and run to the window to see the last of their visitor.

"Do look, mamma!" she cried, "the man evidently thinks Ruler is after him; he walks like a dancing elephant."

"Pshaw! Ellen, hush. I am really vexed with you, and vexed with myself, for laughing at the poor man as we have done. It is very uncivil and unchristian-like too. How could that poor peddler help being deaf?"

He could not help it mother. Doctor Pillsbury tried remedies enough, it would seem. Neither blistering, plastering, or bleeding, did any good as we have been informed, so certainly nobody's to blame, and the merry girl laughed more heartily than ever, and her mother, as she recalled the ridiculous figure of the man, and his imperturbed gravity, was compelled to join in.

But let us take a peep at Billy Gosling. After he had descended the hill, and was fairly out of sight of the farm house and its inmates, he set his trunks down, and throwing himself upon the greensward, laughed as if his sides would burst.—What could Billy Gosling have found, which pleased him so? Nobody knew. Could he have caught a glimpse of himself reflected from a stream of water near by, there would have been a sufficient explanation of his glee, but no such opportunity offered itself. He evidently seemed to be enjoying his own thoughts—rejoicing merely perhaps that he was not as deaf as his father was, or his great uncle. We said that nobody knew the cause of his merriment, but Henry Smith, the schoolmaster, who happened to be returning from school about this time, espied him rolling on the grass, went directly up to him. No sooner had he taken a full survey of the poor deaf man's physiognomy, then he too laughed, as if beside himself, and sitting down he said,

"What a figure! by the powers of Jove.—What do you expect to accomplish while in this

trim? How did it take Fred, and what did they buy?"

The school-master did not speak very loud, and yet, strange to tell, the poor deaf man heard every word without help of his trumpet, the and with an inimitable grace, he fully narrated all that occurred at the farm house.

At this Harry Smith laughed immoderately, but looking down the lane, he saw little Jimmy Davis, the farmer's only son, a boy about 12 years of age returning on his father's old white horse from mill. No sooner was the discovery made than it was pointed out to Billy Gosling, who instantly resumed his gravity and deafness, and picking up his trunks he began his march again.

"My little boy, I'm mighty deaf, and want to go to Goslinborough; is this the right road?" he said, stopping beside Jimmy's horse, and raised his trumpet to his ear.

Jimmy looked down and stared at the queer specimen of humanity beside him, and then not quite certain that he fully understood the question, he said in a very respectful manner,

"Sir?"

"I want to go to Goslinborough, where deaf Tommy Gosling lives. Is this the road my little man?"

Jemmy knew nothing of Goslinborough, or deaf Tommy Gosling. He looked perplexed for a minute and then asked,

"Is it a town, sir, or a village?"

"Do I want to go there to pillage? What a question. Do you mean to insult a poor deaf peddler, boy? I am not a robber, by any means, but a peddler. Don't you see my trunks? No, it's cause Tommy Gosling, my father lives there, that makes me want to go. Pillage indeed!—What made you think I was a thief?"

"I did not think you was a thief—I—"

"What is that again? *don't believe I'm deaf!* If I had my cane along with me, I should have a great mind to cane you off your horse. Not deaf! humph! I am deaf, and my father was deaf before me, and my great uncle, too."

Jemmy opened his eyes wider than ever while this threat was given, and then made another attempt to speak, but he found that every thing he said was most ludicrously construed, and at last getting out of all manner of patience, he called to the school master, who still stood laughing, "to come and see if he could make that deaf man understand anything."

"Drive on Jemmy," said Harry, "he's a *gosling*, to make the best of him. When he finds his father, Tommy Gosling, may be the two will be able to understand each other; you never will make him know anything you wish him to know in the world, so come on and let him find the way to Goslinborough as best he can."

Jemmy followed this advice, and giving his horse a strike with a small twig which he carried in his hand, started. The poor deaf peddler stood a minute, uttering imprecations upon all saucy youngsters, and then jogged on.

"I say, cousin Harry Smith," said Jemmy, "that man is either a fool or crazy. I could not make him understand anything I said to him."

"No, no, Jemmy, simply *deaf* I guess. Perhaps the next one he meets, will be able to give him all the necessary directions."

"Did he ask you the way?" said Jemmy.

"He spoke to me," said the schoolmaster evasively. "I couldn't tell him the way, indeed I never heard of the place before. Perhaps cousin Ellen has. We can ask her when we get home."

That evening the sayings and doings of the deaf peddler, formed the chief topic of conversation, around farmer Davis' teaboard. Little Jemmy adhered strenuously to his opinion, that the fellow was either a fool or crazy, while the schoolmaster laughed at all of Ellen's descriptions of him, but never expressed an opinion. Farmer Davis listened to the young folks awhile, and effectually hushed them by remarking that he thought them very cruel and hardhearted, in thus ridiculing the actions and dress of a man, whose only fault seemed to be a providential stroke, which entitled him to much commiseration and kindness.

The next day Mrs. Davis made numerous inquiries of her neighbors at the quilting, in order to ascertain if any of them had been favored by a call from the travelling merchant, but all were entirely ignorant of such a personage. None of them had seen him—none of them had heard of him. The farmer's wife could not help thinking that it was very strange indeed, that he had called nowhere else, but remembering that he had expressed his intentions of keeping on a circuit among the hills, she concluded that her house was the only one included in the peddler's arrangements.

The summer and autumn months glided away, and nothing more was seen or heard by the quiet inmates of the farm-house, of the deaf peddler.—Indeed, the circumstance of his call was nearly forgotten by them all, unless it was the schoolmaster. He never said anything about him, but it was evident that he knew more than he chose to reveal. The stranger with black eyes and hair still continued to attend church every Sunday, and attracted no slight share of Ellen's attention.—At length she learned from her cousin Harry Smith, that the gentleman's name was Archibald Douglass—that he was the son of a rich lawyer who had recently purchased a country seat in that vicinity, and that the gentleman himself was a distinguished attorney.

"But take care of your heart, cousin Nell," continued the schoolmaster, playfully; "for young 'Squire Douglass is somewhat aristocratic in his notions, I've been told. I don't expect the young sprig of legal wit, would hardly condescend to speak to old Farmer Davis's pretty daughter, and her homely, long-nosed cousin, the schoolmaster. A mighty smart feeling youngster, looking out for a wife, would hardly take a peep into the dairy after her, I guess! ha! ha! ha! But marry me Nell! you'll never do better!"

"Marry you, coz! I wouldn't have you for your weight in gold, providing you wasn't my cousin, nor this young 'Squire neither, if that is his cut-out. Despise a farmer! Pshaw! he don't know much! I do hate this aristocratic feeling—from the bottom of my soul, I hate it! I'll marry a peddler if I take a notion to, mother's opinion of them notwithstanding. It isn't the occupation that ennoble a man—it is the man who ennoble the occupation. You needn't prepare to tease me now. I don't care any thing about 'Squire Douglass—I wouldn't have him if I could."

This reply of Ellen was spoken in a half-play-

ful manner, but there was nevertheless an earnestness about it which made the young schoolmaster's eyes twinkle, and a smile showed itself at the corners of his mouth, as he replied:

"A very humble little cousin, 'pon my honor. I shouldn't wonder if she should fall in love with, and marry deaf Billy Gosling yet—the son of Tommy Gosling of Goslingborough, whose father was deaf, and a great uncle also."

Ellen laughed in spite of herself, at this allusion, and said.

"Be assured, cousin Harry, if I should fall in love with him, and he with me, I shouldn't stop to remember that he was a peddler, and that his father was deaf. No, indeed, not I."

She stepped down from the porch where she was standing, while she made this reply, to observe the dying stalk of a flower, and her cousin with a roguish laugh, and "Pshaw, Ellen," turned into the sitting-room.

One cold, bleak day in December, Farmer Davis sat reading his newspaper, with a mug of cider on the hearth before him and a cheerful fire sending out its genial heat.

Ellen had placed herself under the tuition of her roguish cousin Harry, in the District School, for the winter, and had not yet returned. Jemmy was at school, too, and there was no one in the room with Mr. Davis but his wife, who was knitting in one corner.

"It is one of the coldest days I ever saw," said the farmer, looking up from his paper, and rising to throw a stick of wood on the glowing fire dogs. "I shouldn't wonder if somebody was to perish in the cold to-day. I wish Harry would let the children out from school early," he continued, as he went toward the frosty window and looked out, "for it will be hard for Ellen to walk from the schoolhouse here. If Harry wasn't boarding here, and can help her along, I should have a great mind to tackle old White Frisk into the sleigh and go after her. But who is that coming through the gate? A peddler, as I live!"

"A peddler!" cried Mrs. Davis, rising to look; "those fellows do love to make money, or they would not be wandering about such weather.—That deaf peddler, upon my word."

Just then old Ruler began his salute, but the traveling merchant did not pay much attention to him, while he stamped off the snow from his feet, and entered the sitting room. The kind-hearted old farmer shook him by the hand, and motioned for him to be seated in his chair before the fire, while Mrs. Davis went to bring another.

"Very cold, sir, very cold," said the peddler, as he drew the mittens from his shrivelled blue hands, and held them toward the cheerful blaze—"one of the coldest days I ever knew."

Mrs. Davis started at the voice, for she did not recognize it. It was a clear sonorous voice, unlike the squeaking tone of the deaf man, and her first thought was that she must be mistaken.—She looked and even at the second glance hesitated. The stranger's countenance was familiar, his glasses were the same, but his whiskers were better proportioned, and his raiment fitted him neatly, and seemed proper and comfortable for the season. She concluded, however, that it could be none other than Billy Gosling, and in this opinion she was confirmed by the small ear trumpet which

he took from his pocket and applied to his ear when the farmer answered. To her utter amazement, however, the gentleman understood with apparent ease everything that her husband said, and his answer perfectly proper.

"He has certainly improved in hearing," she said to herself, "or else it is because Mr. Davis' voice is so heavy. He has improved every way."

"It is cold," said the peddler, very cold, and I thought as I was wending my way among the hills to-day, that I should not venture out again until the weather is warmer—that is if I could get a house where any one could keep me. You seem snugly situated here, and perhaps I can throw myself for a few days upon your hospitality."

"Certainly," said the farmer, "we never turn any one away, and if you can put up with a farmer's homely fare you shall be perfectly welcome. Will you take some cider, sir?"

The peddler drank, and the farmer drank, and then restored the mug to its place in the corner. Mrs. Davis arose to go to the kitchen to prepare the supper, and the school-children's voices were heard in the porch. The school-master opened the door for Ellen, who came forward a step or two, and then seeing the peddler, she stopped with surprise and courtesied. The stranger received her salutation with a polite inclination of the head and rose to shake the schoolmaster's hand, while the farmer introduced him. Ellen who had stepped to the fire to warm her freezing fingers, could not help but blush as she caught the school-master's roguish eye, and she almost immediately went in search of her mother in the kitchen.

"Mother is that deaf Billy Gosling the peddler?" she said as she entered the room where the old lady was busily frying cakes for supper. He looks like him, and he don't look like him."

"Yes, it is the same man, but he is dressed differently and hears a great deal better than he used to. He is going to stay with us several days, until the weather gets warmer, and I don't know but I shall have to keep you at home to help me. The sausage meat is spoiling a'ready."

Ellen pouted, for she did not much relish leaving her class, but she set about helping her mother, and supper was soon smoking upon the table.—While farmer Davis was reverently asking a blessing, and the members of the family stood with bowed heads, each behind his chair, Ellen glanced up to the peddler's head, which was uncovered, and she was surprised to see that his hair was of a shining black, and was beautifully worn in curls. "It was that ridiculous hat, that made his head look so ridiculously before," she thought. Little Jemmy cast glances of no good will at the guest, during supper, for he had not by any means forgotten his stupidity in the lane, and he whispered to Ellen who sat next to him, that he wondered if he left the old man Tommy Goslin of Goslingborough well. The school-master who sat opposite heard the remark and looked up with a sly wink, while Mrs. Davis shook her head from her place at the head of the table.

Immediately after supper, the school-master entered into a conversation with the stranger, upon the state of the roads, travelling, &c., and Ellen was again surprised at the correctness of his answers—the sweetness of his voice, and the intelligence that he displayed. The farmer listened intently all the evening to their conversation, hard-



ly putting in a word, and after the peddler had bid the family good night and retired, he could not forbear speaking to "Mammy" and Ellen, that they ought to treat that man well, and see if they could not make amends for the wrong they had evidently done him.

"I do declare," said Mrs. Davis, "he does not appear like the same man, and yet I know that it is—I will never judge by first appearance again."

"Nor I," said Ellen. "We did wrong him."

"Hem! said the school-master, "peddlers are never too respectable, I think."

"Peddlers may be as respectable as any body else," said Ellen quickly. "I wish cousin Harry you would leave off those big airs of yours about professions. You think because you are something, you ought to go over and be tied up with old Squire Douglass and his aristocratic son, until you get enough of aristocracy."

"Do you let your scholars talk like that?" said the old farmer with a smile.

"She thinks she is at home," said Harry, "and can say what she has a mind to, but if I had her in the school-house with that big switch of mine lying on the desk before me, I guess she'd hush."

The weather continued for several weeks of the same temperature and the peddler's stay was prolonged. Indeed, none of the family seemed to desire his absence. Little Jemmy had become his warmest friend, and declared that he skated the fastest, and made the strongest hand sled, and threw the hardest snow ball, of anybody he ever saw. Not an evening passed but that Jemmy came to him for assistance and he found no trouble at all in making him hear. Once while at work rigging up an old pair of skates, his spectacles fell off, and Ellen thought it was a sin to cover up such large bright brilliant eyes, by such a pair of glasses. But the peddler very quietly replaced them, and went on with his work. Sometimes he would entertain the family with accounts of things he had seen in his travels, for it appeared that he had travelled extensively, and then Ellen would lay down her work, and listen until it seemed that every fibre in her heart thrilled at the sound of his magical voice. If she caught his eye resting on her, through his spectacles, she remembered how brilliant it was, and turned with a blush from the gaze. As the peddler became used to the voices, he resorted less and less to his trumpet for assistance, until it was not unusual for Harry to converse with him for hours together, with the same ease and frank drollery which characterized his intercourse with every body else.—The farmer found him excellent company during the day. He would go out with him, among his stock in the farm yard and he seemed well informed in every branch of agriculture—from the importation of stock to the hoeing of potatoes. He would in the house, hold skeins of yarn for Mrs. Davis to wind, and his peddling trunks furnished an inexhaustible supply of all those articles, which she always was needing, pins, needles, thread, &c. Indeed, he gave them away so freely that it sometimes seemed as if he placed no value upon them.

But the warm days of April came at last, and there was no longer any excuse for his remaining. The snow had melted from the hills, and the flowers in the yard were peeping up through the soft earth.

"And so you are really going to-morrow," said

Harry, as he came up where the peddler was standing beside Ellen in the porch, one moonlight night, looking at the first appearance of a vine; "farmer Davis says you are really going. The old gentleman does not relish the idea of losing your company overmuch, it would appear by his grumbling. But good bye to you if I don't see you again. I'm going up to a neighbor's to spend the night," and the school-master held forth his hand, which the peddler heartily shook.

"Good bye to you cousin Nell, for I shouldn't be at all surprised to find you missing in the morning too. Here's health and a heap of happiness to you," said the roguish chap, as he bowed and flourished himself off of the steps, and then starting upon a run, he was soon out of sight.

"What a rattle head!" said Ellen—half vexed at her cousin for his ill-timed railery. "I believe he would joke if he was starting for Texas, and knew he never should come back. I suppose he thinks you will call on us again, though you are going to leave us to-morrow."

The peddler mused a few moments without making any reply, at length he said:

"I may call here again, I may not."

Ellen started at the last part of the sentence and looked earnestly up into his face. It seemed to her that the blood was receding from her heart at the words. She hastily turned away her eyes, however, as she discovered that he was looking at her, and leaning her head over the bannister, seemed intent upon the beauty of the night. In reality she was scanning the state of her heart.—She remembered what her cousin had said to her only a few months before in a jest, while standing on the same spot, and she wondered at the change that had "come over the spirit of her dream."—Then she had laughed at every allusion to the deaf peddler, and thought him one of the most ridiculous being in the world, now he stood beside her, and her heart was throbbing in pain unutterable at the thought of a separation from him. To her he was not the same being—there was a beauty thrown around his whole demeanor, which seemed to belong to a superior being—there was a gentle sweetness in his voice, which enchained her whenever it was heard, and she felt in that hour that she could give up all, friends, home, the memories of other years—everything, and wander with him she knew not where—enough that she could be with him. His slight deafness only now served, she thought, to endear him to her. There is something almost holy in such love as this—a love that man—sometimes the most unworthy of men—stirs up in the gushing fountains of woman's heart. She felt only mortified, that she had given away her love unwooed, for their guest had never, by the slightest intimation, led her to think that he was seeking in her anything more than the pure esteem of a friend, may be the sympathies of a sister. "He shall never know that I love him, let the struggle cost me what it will," she said to herself, as she turned to join her father and mother in the sitting room; but she felt the peddler's hand laid upon her arm and she thought it trembled.

"Ellen," he said in a low musical voice—he had never called Ellen before—"stay a moment I beseech you. I leave this house to-morrow, perhaps never to return, would it cost you a moment's regret?"

The girl leaned back against a post which stood near, but did not trust her voice to reply.

"I have spent many happy weeks beneath this roof," he continued, "have been silently studying your character and disposition, and have learned to love you. It is no slight sacrifice which I have concluded to ask of you—will you link your fate with mine, let it be dark or bright, and love me for myself alone?"

"I will," murmured Ellen, as he took her hand. "I will! I do love you for yourself alone. The world may say what it will—it may say that I have loved unwisely, I cannot help it."

"It is enough! I am happy. You love me," said the peddler, "without, I know being actuated by one mercenary motive. And now look and see who you love." As he spoke he tossed from him his spectacles and false whiskers—in a moment she recognized him, and fairly shrieked with surprise, the wealthy lawyer Douglas stood before her.

"And why," said farmer Davis who had come out with his wife on the porch at Ellen's voice, and had been at last made to comprehend the transformation in his guest, "why have you fooled us all, and wooed my daughter under such a ridiculous disguise as this, Squire?"

"Because I wished to make her love me for myself alone. As long as I wrote my name Frederick Archibald Douglas Esq. and was the reputed heir of nearly half a million, it was very easy to win the regards of almost any lady of fashion. But that did not satisfy me. I wished to be loved as I know woman sometimes does love—with her whole heart, soul and being—loved in spite of bodily infirmities, whether feigned or real, and now that I am thus loved by your beautiful daughter, I am satisfied. You would not have refused her to a deaf peddler—you will not refuse her to me?"

"I'm a great mind to," said the old farmer, "you ought to be punished some way for playing us such a trick. But I suppose I shall have to do pretty much as the gal says. She always did rule. What say you Mammy? Shall we let this peddling squire have Ellen?"

Mrs. Davis had not yet got over looking puzzled but she instantly gave her full consent, and Ellen said:

"Tell me, has cousin Henry Smith been knowing to all this, or is he too, a duped one?"

"He has helped me arrange the whole affair," said lawyer Douglas. "Indeed, he is at the bottom of the whole of it. It was through his recommendations of you, that I was first induced to come into this part of the country, he said you was just such a free-minded, independent and noble hearted creature that I have found you, unawed by the glare of wealth, unseduced by the false notions of aristocratic nobility—those who view wealth as all important—worth as its inferior."

"Oh cousin Nell, you will never be anybody, while you stand there so cousinly with a deaf peddler. I do wonder at you?" said the school-master, who, for some cause or other, had concluded to spend the night at home, and who was coming suddenly at that moment around a corner of the porch. "I don't think any peddler is very respectable; especially the son of Tommy Goslin of Goslinborough—a man whose father is deaf, and great uncle also."

"I don't think you are very respectable!"—said Ellen with a laugh, and the whole party adjourned into the sitting room. The next week Ellen became Mrs. Ellen Douglas, and the school-master, as he shook hands with her after the bridal ceremony was over, hoped she would live long and be happy in Goslinborough, with her deaf husband, and Tommy Goslin his father.

### ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

GALILEO.

BY GEO. S. L. STARKS.

Among the many brilliant stars which first shone out upon the scientific world in the 16th century, that of the noble Pisan deservedly appears as one of the first magnitude. Nature, usually sparing in the bestowment of great men, at this period seemed determined to astonish the world by the number and intellect of the master-spirits she brought into existence.

One of these—Galileo—was born at Pisa, of a noble Florentine family, on the 15th of February, 1564. The conduct and taste of a child do not always afford a true index to the destiny of the future man; yet this one, like his illustrious successor, Newton, gave early indications of the field in which he was afterwards to make so many mighty discoveries. In his youth he manifested a decided predilection for the department of Mechanical science. Still at the age of 19, his father, desirous that he should acquire a profession, placed him as a Medical student at the University of Pisa. And while here he made his first discovery, that of the Pendulum, from observing the equable vibrations of the Cathedral lamp. He applied it only to numbering pulsations, whence it was termed a pulsilogy.

Soon, however, his treatises on Medicine began to be neglected while with increasing ardor he read and mastered all the mathematical volumes within his reach. His father, at first opposing him, at last yielded to the rapidly developing bent of his genius, and among the primary fruits of his studies was the reinvention of the Thermometer in 1606. But the greatest of his inventions was given to the world in 1609—I refer to the Telescope. The original discovery was made by an ignorant Dutch jeweller who having formed one instrument by chance was unable to construct another. And there is no reason to doubt that it was also known to Friar Bacon in earlier years, but the knowledge perished with him, and was not revived again till the time referred to. As soon as Galileo heard the first faint rumors of the "wonderful toy" of the Hollander, he retired to his studies and commenced a course of reasoning and experiment which soon developed the nature and philosophy of its construction, and enabled him to form one on *principle*. And this was the *means* by which he was to trace his name among the stars, so that all future astronomers should remember him with reverence.

Discoveries now succeeded each other rapidly and the *Nuncius Gidereus* became the wonder of the world. The Sun disclosed his spots, the Satellites of Jupiter revealed themselves to view. Venus exhibited the phases of the moon, the moon itself retained ~~not~~ its uniform appearance—these, and many others, were the astounding discoveries

chronicled in that remarkable paper. They demonstrated the truth of the Copernican system beyond a peradventure. This system had been pronounced false and contrary to revelation by the papal government, one of the greatest absurdities imaginable, as though the Bible was intended to teach Astronomy! This decree still remains *unrepealed* upon the ecclesiastical statute book, a standing monument of the intolerance and bigotry of the Romish Church.

His Dialogue "on the two systems, published in 1632, resulted in an imperative summons from Pope Urban VIII, to appear for trial before the Inquisition. And by them he was, after remaining over 4 months in Rome, sentenced to abjure the Copernican theory, the truth of which he had proved.

It is said that, as he rose from his knees after pronouncing his abjuration, he exclaimed in a whisper to a friend "it does move though!" We must remember that Papacy was in its zenith, and torture and probably death itself would have resulted from contumacious resistance to its mandates. He was also confined to his residence at Arcetri by their order.

Here, in the society of his much-loved daughter, he continued his Mathematical studies until 1637, when, in consequence of intense application to his books, he became totally blind. Still however he abated not his labors for his intellect had lost none of its strength. But the period was fast approaching when this mighty spirit, whose influence will be felt to the end of time, was to bid adieu to the scenes of earth and start on the returnless journey. And accordingly on the 8th of Jan. 1642, just one year before the birth of the immortal Newton, his soul passed to that God in the development of whose laws he had played so important a part.

This man may almost be regarded as the founder of the Experimental School of Philosophy, a place usually accorded to Bacon. When he commenced his career the teachings of Aristotle were universally and blindly received and followed.—But before his death the foundation of the former was firmly established over all Italy. A citizen of the world, his fame belongs to mankind.

Albany, April 10th, 1850.

### MISCELLANY.

#### THE CLOCK OF STRASBURG.

AN ALSATIAN CHRONICLE.

ALI BEN-ZAR, a learned man, and of high mechanical genius, who flourished about the middle of the ninth century, came by invitation of its citizens to Strasburgh, to make a clock for the Cathedral. The day arrived when his workmanship was to be exhibited to the public, and every bell of the city rang a merry peal in honor of the occasion.—Noble, and citizen, and artisan, soon filled the church, and crowds besieged its doors, all equally eager to behold and criticise the stranger's work. At length their curiosity was satisfied.—Precisely at noon, the veil that hitherto concealed it was removed, and the acclamations of the assembly throng attested the triumph of Ali.

The immense and complicated machinery seemed impelled by some hidden spring. The eyes of the multitude followed, with admiring gaze, the saints of bronze, the gilded apostles,

that in slow and stately procession crossed the dial plate, bearing each a hammer where with to strike the hours.

With almost breathless wonder, they beheld the sun and moon appearing, and again disappearing behind clouds, the planets circling in their orbits, the revolving year, the ecliptic, the equator, the solstices, the change of weather, all marked upon the broad dial plate, with the dates of the principal religious festivals. Chimes of the sweetest melody played hymn-tunes, while the hours were slowly striking. Over all was a kind of dome, formed by the outstretched wings of eagles, cocks, and pelicans. A moment and all became again motionless.

A work so wonderful could not fail to excite envy in an ignorant age. The enemies of Ali-Ben-Zar pretended that he was about to leave Strasburgh, with the intention of construction, in the imperial city of Augsburg, another, and still more beautiful clock. A mob collected, and to secure that this masterpiece, of which they were so proud, should remain unrivalled, the barbarous wretches made the poor Arab pay for his life with his sight, for before they would let him go, they put out both eyes.

The blind old man, on the point of leaving Strasburgh, implored permission to touch once more the wondrous clock that was to immortalize his name. His request was granted. Guided by his daughter, he entered the cathedral, advanced with firm step toward the master piece of his art, and passed his hands over the springs of the machine and over every part of it in turn, and then embracing it with all the tenderness of a parent about to part from a beloved child, he hurried from the church, invoking the avenging justice of Allah upon the inhospitable city. The day after Ali's departure, the wonderful clock suddenly stopped; the apostles no longer came forth to strike the hours; the planets remained motionless in their orbits; the joyous melody of the chimes was hushed forever, the cocks, eagles, and pelicans, ceased to flap their wings over the dome of bronze. Ali-Ben-Zar had himself destroyed his own work, and his vengeance bequeathed everlasting regret to the city, in whose archives his name is still enrolled.

#### THE LAST WORD.

THE "last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it, than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell. Married people should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them. Ladies who marry for love, should remember that the union of angels with woman, has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies like husbands from flying off into space. The wife who would rightly discharge her duties, must never have a soul above "buttons." The liberties of England have been so won by mutual concessions. Let the husband who would acquire the privilege of asking friends to dinner without notice, remember this, when your wife hints at a new bonnet. The wife's wants are always the husband's opportunity. Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. The



Indians produce fire by the rubbing of the driest sticks. Sugar is the substance most generally diffused though all natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature.

#### GAMBLING.

It is worthy of remark, that the most eloquent denunciations of the vice of gambling have come from the pen of notorious gamblers, and of all the fashionable vices, it is, I believe, the only one to which its votaries always give a bad name. I remember reading in the *Evening Post* some eighteen months ago, a notice of Colton, the author of *Lacon*—and here let me say, that it was the fullest and longest biography of that eccentric genius, that has ever been written, as far as I can find—in which his gambling propensities are particularly referred to. He was the habitual associate of Thurtell, a notorious gambler, and finally a murderer; he acquired a fortune of \$25,000 by gambling, and lost it in the same way; he lived a life of wretched poverty in Paris, for many years, the consequence of his inveterate attachment to the gaming table, and finally died by his own hand, to avoid an operation which his irregular habits had made necessary. And yet, while trusting for a livelihood to the precarious resources of cards and dice, Colton wrote in his *Lacon* the following:

"The Gambler, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide, renounces earth to forfeit heaven."

Lord Chesterfield was possessed by an insatiable passion for gaming, which only left him with his life. While in office, he scrupulously absented himself from the gaming table; but the whole of the night following the day on which he delivered up the Seals of Secretary of State to the King, he spent at White's, indulging his favorite propensity.

And yet, in his famous letters to his son, he never lost an opportunity of condemning the habit in the most unmeasured terms. He even went so far as to threaten to withdraw his son's allowance if he ever heard of his gambling, and he vindicated the sincerity of his threat by the following clause in his will in which he guarded his large fortunes from the waste of a vice which he had never been able himself sufficiently to repent of:

"In case my god-son, Philip Stanhope, shall at any time hereafter, keep, or be concerned in keeping of any race-horses or pack of hounds; or reside one night at Newmarket, that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill-manners, during the races there; or shall resort to the said races; or shall lose in one day, at any game, or bet whatsoever, the sum of £500; then, in any of the cases aforesaid, it is my express will that he, my said god-son, shall forfeit and pay, out of my estate, the sum of £5,000 and for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster."

"The last sentence," says his latest editor and biographer, Lord Mahon, whose death, by the way, has occurred within the last month or two, "comprises a lively touch of satire. The Earl had found or believed that he had found the Chapter of Westminster, of that day, exorbitant and grasping in negotiations with him, of land for the buildings of Chesterfield House; and he declared that he now inserted their names in the will, because he felt sure that if the penalty should be incurred, they would not be remiss in claiming it."

The literature of every age abounds in convivial poetry. Human genius has done its utmost to dignify the pleasure of intemperance in eating and drinking and has labored for centuries to confound the distinction between passion and love. These, and kindred vices have always had their votaries and champions, and among the ancients they had their divinities. But when did gambling ever have a defender or a friend? What poet has ever celebrated the agonizing suspense of the dice box or the wheel of fortune. I cannot call to mind one written sentence, from the pen of any man, living or dead, which tends to exalt or even to countenance the pleasures of the gaming table. Neither did I ever hear of a devoted gambler, who did not deplore his propensity, and who was not disposed to dissuade all from falling into it, whom he did not wish to prey upon.

#### DOG TRAINING IN MUNICH.

One afternoon J. told me that she heard a tremendous noise, the shouts and screams of a man, and the terrific howlings of a dog. Out darted the gentleman from the studio, and out rushed J., and there, in a large adjoining field, through the mud—for there had been a heavy fall of snow—a man raced along, pursued by an enormous dog, the fiercest brute imaginable; it sprang upon him, it tore him, shook him by the hair of his head, it dragged him along the ground, the man screaming and the dog howling! Then they were up again, and careering round and round the field, man and dog, like wild beasts. J. was horrified beyond words, and to J.'s indescribable indignation, the gentleman looked quietly on and smiled. What could it mean? To her it seemed a fearful murder. But no! it was only the training of a watch dog, and a very frightful business it must have been, although very grand to witness, the gentleman declared. The man was all bound up, so that the dog could not possibly injure him materially; but his head and face, with their frightful bandages, suggested no other idea, than that of wounds, which made him look all the more dreadful. These fierce dogs, thus trained, are necessary as security against robbers; many people keep them; there are two of them at the studio, but I have noticed nothing very ferocious about them.—Here this mode of training dogs is not at all unusual, although the trade I should think not particularly agreeable.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

**IMPRUDENT QUESTIONS.**—To ask an unmarried lady how old she is. To ask a doctor how many persons he has killed. To ask a minister whether he ever did anything wrong. To ask a merchant whether he ever cheated a customer. To ask an editor the name of any of his correspondents. To ask a young lady whether she would like a beau.

"Julius, do you know de halls of de Montezumare?" "Oh course I does, nigga; he's de brudder of General Taylor, and was nursed by Sarah Gordon." "Why, how de darkey talks; by and by colored men will know as much as de milishy."

"If you ever marry," said an uncle, "let it be a woman who has judgment enough to superintend the work of her house; taste enough to dress herself; pride enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say."

**A LIBERAL JUDGE.**—Judge B—said to an old hag while under examination, "You keep a bad house, and I will maintain it." "Will you," she exclaimed, "I always took you to be a liberal gentleman."

**GOOD SENTIMENT.**—Gov. Wright, of Indiana, advocating the establishment of a common school system in that State, says: "If we do not pay for the education of the boy, we shall surely pay double for the ignorance of the man."

Mrs. Partington says, nothing despises her so much as to see people who profess to expect salvation, go to church without their purses, when a recollection is to be taken.

Dr. Doddridge once asked his little daughter, nearly six years old, what made every body love her? She replied, "I don't know indeed, papa, unless it's because I love everybody."

**AUTHORS.**—There are a few powerful authors who punish their readers, like the Roman tyrants of old, by depriving them of sleep: but most writers are too benevolent to act thus.

**SCENE IN A MARKET.**—Boy—"Hello, Missus, what are these?"

Girl—"Two cents."

Boy—"What a lie! They'r apples."

Exit, Boy, whistling popular air.

"Repent and marry, Tom, my dear," "Nay, nay," says Tom. "I'll marry first, and then don't fear, but I'll repent soon after."

Strong minds, like hardy evergreens, are most verdant in winter; when feeble ones, like tender summer plants, are leafless.

To make water to taste better than champagne, eat salt fish for six hours previous to imbibing it.

The Georgia brought over thirty thousand letters; the largest mail yet from California.

To some men it is indispensable to be worth money, for without it they would be worth nothing.

When you have anything to say, say it; when you have nothing to say say it.

He who knows the world will not be too bashful, and he who knows himself will never be impudent.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

G. W. P. Mohawk, N. Y. \$1.00; E. H. S. Le Roy, N. Y. \$4.00; W. D. C. Crown Point, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Ernest Stevens, formerly of this city, to Alice Van Loon, of Athens, At Kinderhook, on the 12th inst. by Rev. B. Van Zandt, Luher M. Keith and Charlotte Smith, all of Hudson. At Spencertown, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, Mr. David Teel, to Miss Mary Lovett, both of Spencertown.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.  
SABBATH MORNING.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDNER.

AWAKE my soul, let humble praise,  
This morn ascend to God on high;  
Awake, and in harmonious lays,  
Send up an offering to the sky.

This cloudless, glorious morn awake!  
This day on which the Saviour rose:  
This joyful morning I would take  
A view of life, its cares, its woes.

And when oppress with sins' desert,  
Feeling that I am lost, undone,  
Give all I have to God, my heart,  
And trust my all in Christ, his son.

Oh, blessed pleasant morn to hear,  
From lips divine, the promise sweet;  
Oh, happiness, to know no fear,  
When seated at the Saviour's feet.

Be this my portion on this morn,  
To sit where Mary did and sing  
Hosannah to a Saviour born,  
And bow before the Eternal King.

To look by faith where all is love,  
Where wintry winds can never come;  
To mount, and soar with saints above,  
And view with them, my happy home.

Where Jesus is, where angels dwell,  
Where prophets, and Apostles are,  
Husband, and friends, ah, who can tell,  
How many of the loved and fair.

Hark! on the breeze, the bell's loud toll,  
Is calling me to church away;  
Arise and sing, rejoice my soul,  
This, is the glorious Sabbath day.

## ON THE DEATH OF CYRUS AND EDGAR SURFLEET.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

WHERE are they now—they are not here,  
To cheer us with their sunny smile,  
And bid us dry the starting tear—  
Our oft desponding hours beguile.

The sunny Spring is round us now,  
Loosing the bands of Winter's tomb;  
Each tender plant, and bud and bough,  
Is bursting into life and bloom.

The birds in all their happy glee  
Are warbling now their songs of love—  
All nature joins in ecstacy  
To sing the praise of Him above.

And still there's gloom around our board—  
The glad smile awakes not here—  
Our earliest, fondest, hopes destroyed—  
No beacon-light, our bark to steer.

The lonely hearth—the vacant chair—  
The path which knew their footsteps' tread—  
Proclaims that all our tender care  
Was vain—their voices sweet are fled.

Their lives, like day-springs blush, was brief  
As early flowers still wet with dew;  
'Tis ever thus—the withering leaf,  
We love for its enduring hue.

Familiar looks of love no more  
On earth our aching eyes shall meet—  
Their welcome footsteps at our door,  
No more our listening ear shall greet.

And still methinks the lov'd ones gone,  
Will smile in starlight passing by—  
And oft we'll listen to the song  
Of voices sweet in th' winds low sigh.

"They are not dead but sleeping" now,  
To wake in yon bright, happy land—  
We will not mourn—but clear our brow,  
And see them in that angel band.

They'll strike the Harp, and tune the Lyre,  
And sing glad songs around the Throne,  
Awaiting us to join the choir  
Of seraphs in their heavenly home.

E. J. BUSHNELL.

## I THANK THEE, GOD! FOR WEAL AND WOE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I THANK Thee, God! for all I've known  
Of kindly fortune, health and joy;  
And quite as gratefully I own,  
The bitter drops of life's alloy.

Oh! there was wisdom in the blow  
That wrung the sad and scalding tear  
That laid my dearest idol low,  
And left my bosom lone and drear.

I thank Thee, God! for all of smart  
That Thou hast sent, for not in vain  
Has been the heavy aching heart,  
The sigh of grief, the sob of pain.

What if my cheek had ever kept  
Its healthful color, glad and bright—  
What if my eyes had never wept  
Throughout a long and sleepless night!

Then, then, perchance, my soul had not  
Remembered there were paths less fair,  
And, selfish in my own blest lot,  
Ne'er strove to soothe another's care.

But when the weight of sorrow found  
My spirit prostrate and resigned,  
The anguish of the bleeding wound  
Taught me to feel for all mankind.

Even as from the wounded tree  
The goodly, precious balm will pour;  
So in the riven heart there'll be  
Mercy that never flowed before.

'Tis well to learn that sunny hours  
May quickly change to mournful shade;  
'Tis well to prize life's scattered flowers,  
Yet be prepared to see them fade.

I thank Thee, God! for weal and woe;  
And whatsoever the trial be,  
'Twill serve to wean me from below,  
And bring my spirit nigher Thee.

## THE BURIAL OF LOVE.

Two dark-haired maids, at shut of day,  
Sat, where a river rolled away,  
With calmed brows and raven hair,  
And one was pale, and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,  
Bring forest bloom of name unknown  
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,  
To strew the bier of Love the child.

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,  
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep;  
And lay his hands, in sign of rest,  
His waxen hands across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,  
Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,  
And blue-birds, in the mists of Spring,  
Of cloudless skies and Summer sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,  
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,  
The silken band that oft around  
His waggish eyes in mirth he wound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss  
His ready smile, his ready kiss,

The patter of his little feet,  
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet;

And graver looks serene and high,  
A light of heaven is that young eye;  
All these shall haunt us, till the heart  
Shall ache—and ache—and tears shall start.

The bow, the band, shall fall to dust,  
The shining arrows waste with rust,  
But he whom now, from sight of men,  
We bide in earth, shall live again;

Shall break these clouds, a form of light,  
With nobler mien, a clearer sight,  
And in the eternal glory stand  
With those who wait at God's right hand.

## EPIGRAM ON THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

Jonathan makes our books his own,  
But his books we must leave alone.  
He'd give no darn'd monarchic nation,  
The rights of Free Republication.

Leigh Hunt's Journal.

New Volume, October, 1850.

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